THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

DISCONTENT THAT IS DIVINE.

Couldst thou in vision see
Thyself the man God meant;
Thou never more wouldst be
The man thou art—content.

Life is too short to waste—
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The only excuse for spending billions annually for naval vessels is that the German religion and French religion and English religion and American religion all stop with patriotism."

Mohammedanism is having a remarkable growth. It has invaded China, has occupied the Malay archipelago, is spreading through Central Africa and its missionaries have of late gained a foothold in Southern Russia.

Chicago is a great convention city this year. Its record for the summer numbers twenty-nine against three for NewYork. It is thought that the city will have at least a million convention visitors during the month of August.

People with money to invest are not rushing just now to put it into railroad bonds or stocks. There are better investments. The recent statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that for the year ending June 30, 1910, the railroad stocks that paid livilends averaged only 6.53 per cent. On thirty-six per cent of the railroad stocks there were no dividends. And interest was defaulted on $718,351,332 of railroad bonds.

The statistics compiled by the emigration departments of the railroads show that at least an hundred thousand men, women and children have settled in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana since the first of January. It is estimated that the Inland Empire region has received more than fifty thousand. It is thought that the close of the year will see nearly two hundred thousand addition to the population of the Northwest.

The estimated market value of the apple crop of the Pacific coast and Rocky mountain states for the year 1910 is from $27,000,000 to $30,000,000. From California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah and Western Colorado about ten million boxes of apples will be shipped East. Washington is coming rapidly to the front as an apple producing state. The estimated crop this year is 6,500 cars, equal to about 3,500,000 boxes.

Dr. Charles Eastman predicts that there will not be a full-blooded Indian in the United States a hundred years hence. Speaking of the young Indians who go to Carlisle and other Eastern schools, he says that when they return home they settle on the edge of the reservation and marry white girls. Dr. Eastman is a full-blooded Sioux and has degrees from Dartmouth College and Harvard University. For several years he was a professor in Amherst College.

In a recent address advocating the establishment of a national department of health with a cabinet officer at its head, Dr. Wiley, of the Agricultural department, declared that every person who dies at age below 70 dies from an avoidable cause. Dr. Wiley said in that connection that the relatives of persons dying from typhoid fever had as good reason for suing the public or city for damages as people had for suing a railway for damages in case of accident.

There is every reason for the belief that the railroads will not suffer at the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. To cripple the railroads of the country would be to cripple every industry so great is the money invested therein and so vital the connection of the railroads with all the great industries. We expect to see the matter of freight rates satisfactorily adjusted, and a large amount of money put into improvements and extensions during the next few years.

Windsor, Canada, is less than a mile from Detroit, Michigan, and the prices of food and clothing in the two places are suggestive. Butter that sells for twenty-eight cents in Windsor sells for thirty-four in Detroit. For the cut of beef for which Windsor people pay six and a half cents, the Detroit people pay ten. The suit of clothes which a Windsor man can buy for $15 the Detroit man cannot buy for less than $25. The workingman doubtless gets a higher wage on the Michigan side of the line than on the Canadian, but not enough to justify so great a difference in the price of these and other products. It is not surprising that free-trade sentiment is growing rapidly in the United States.

A committee from the Federation of Churches of Toledo, Ohio, recently waited upon Mayor Whitlock, interviewing him as to what was regarded as a failure on his part to enforce the laws. After quoting to the committee Miss Willard's declaration that drunkenness is more frequently caused by poverty than poverty by drunkenness, the mayor continued: "You propose to abolish vice and crime by the use of force; in my philosophy they can never be abolished until we ascertain the causes of them, and then remove those causes." Believing that men are good largely as they have the chance and incentive to be good, Toledo's mayor is striving to have this chance and this incentive multiplied.

Worth repeating is this from the Christian Register: "The power of Christianity is after all just where Jesus placed it, in the Golden Rule. Jesus was the genius of religious life when he gave us that compact summary of duty in the family of God. But Jesus went beyond this: he gave more than he asked of others; he gave himself, on the cross. The salvation of the Bible lies in the cross, in the one great thought of self-denial for the sake of others. Dying for other people—that is all of it. And so the cross, after all, is the key of modern morality as well as religion. It was, long before Jesus, possible to die for the state; but to die for everybody, for the world, the poor and the despised, for all,those distinctively not of the same family or of the same kin—that was to be Christianity. English people can die for England, but few Englishmen can see

the politico-religion that takes heed for Ireland, and grasps in one great sympathy even the whole of the British empire. Americans can die for America, for one state as well as another; but we have not yet reached the Christian thought which loves our Chinese neighbor like ourselves.

In a recent address at a religious conference in New England Swami Bodhanada, of Calcutta, India, spoke concerning the Hindu idea of God. God was said to be One Secondless—that is He is absolutely one. "There cannot be two in the Infinite, because two always exclude or limit each other," said the Swami. God was said also to be formless. "To conceive or make a form there must be length, breadth and height, and these are limitations. If God is unlimited it necessarily follows that He is formless; a form can exist only in space. The Hindus do not ascribe to God any attributes, motives or desires. He is the all-pervading essence of all existence. He is not a Person nor has He a fixed location. He is full and complete in His power and glory. He does not act, because He has no want or desire, and how can He act? To act or move there must be two; an inside and an outside. He being the One Infinite there cannot be an inside and an outsidt for Him." It was further said of God by the Hindu lecturer that He is sexless—that He is sexless because sex is a limitation. "If God is male He must be distinct from or opposite to female and vice versa." Speaking concerning worship Swami Bodhanada said: "There are four stages or forms of worship. The lowest form is characterized by offering and sacrifice. The next higher form of worship is that by prayer and chanting. The third stage of worship is characterized by meditation and concentration. Worship by feeling the presence of God within and without is the highest. In this worship the worshipper and the worshipped become one."

THE SAGE'S QUESTION.

Henry Burnham Kirkland.

Many centuries ago, on one of those beautiful evenings which come in early spring, as the sun was setting in a haze of scarlet, casting long shadows across the plains of Attica, an old philosopher sat down by the wayside, for he was weary.

Little did he notice the perfume of the blossoms, or the music of the birds, or the beauty of the sunset, for he was troubled and perplexed. He was an old man, and although he had won many honors in his time and wore within the folds of his toga the insignia of the men of letters, he was **not satisfied.**

He had a son, an only child, and it was his ambition that this son should grow, like a tall and graceful cedar, to be admired among his fellows. Now it was his problem to know where to send him that he might receive the best of training, for he would have him be what he had aspired to be, and yet was **not.**

As he sat and pondered, another man approached, tall and erect, with a face serious, yet strangely mild and happy. The philosopher knew him, for he was known and loved by all men in that region; and only the day before he had seen him talking in the market place and perceived that he had the carriage of a gentleman and the conversation of a scholar. So, as he drew near he asked him to be seated and said: "I wish that thou wouldst help me, for I am troubled."

"Nothing could please me better, for that is why I live — that I may help my brothers. — What is the trouble?"

"I have a son. Where shall I send him that he may grow to be respected, aye, to **be loved** among his fellows? Shall he study here at Athens, or shall I send him to Corinth to learn the beauty of the artists and to carve in marble, or shall he cross the water to old Alexandria to learn the mysteries and traditions of ancient people; or shall it be at Spatha, to develop sinew and muscle and to learn the arts of war?"

"Thou hast given me a hard question, for I have never been to an academy; however, there are three schools in which I have studied."

"And what are they?"

"The School of Nature, the School of Men, and the School of Books. Let him study there. As he walks along the country, let him notice the grass beside him, the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, the reed shaken by the wind, the storm beating against the houses. As he goes among men, let him not despise the humble. The man digging in the ditch may teach him perseverance, the merchantman may teach him accuracy; the husbandman, decision. Then let him get the snatches of light from our great writers; let him read some from our Plato; let him listen to the music of our Homer."

"Ah yes!" said the philosopher, shaking his head; "that is good advice, but few will heed it."

The answer came: "It is good for only those who wish it."

"But tell me! Hast thou no secret? Thou dost always seem to be so happy, and every man is to thee a brother."

"Yes, listen! I have a friend, Cleopas, you may know him. One day, when he was walking with a friend to Emmans of old, Judea, a stranger came and walked with them and asked them: 'What manner of communications are these, that ye have one with another, as ye walk and are sad?' And Cleopas answered, and asked him if he were but a stranger and knew not of the things that had come to pass there in those days. Then he taught them, and as they drew near the village they asked him to come in and sup with them. As they sat at meat, he took bread and blessed it and gave to them, and their eyes were open, and they knew **Him.** It was their Master. One day, as Cleopas was telling me about Him, telling me of His promise, 'I will be with you alway,' I could feel His presence, and I knew that it was He who came to teach us that God is the Father. So shall I not be happy, for as I walk alone, if I meet a man I meet a **brother,** and as I look on the beauty all about me, as I look at yonder setting sun and think that but a few short hours ago it was rising, like a strong man, to run a race, in all the glory of the morning, as I look at yonder faint star shining before the others and telling of the vastness of the sky—all these things tell me that God is not an essence, but that God is Love."

The old philosopher rose with a new light on his face. "Tell me! Where shall I send my son that he may find that Prophet?"

"Go tell your son to seek Him, for he that seeketh, findeth, and he that findeth shall have **life eternal."**

Berkeley, California.

THE AWAKENING OF A SOUL.

Rev. J. H. Williams, of Redlands.

There are many kinds of awakening that are interesting. In many parts of our country vegetation sleeps during the winter, lying under a covering of ice and snow. When the spring comes it awakes to a new and beautiful life. The awakening of an infant to conscious intelligence is an object of still more interest—to see the little face which at first showed no consciousness either of itself or its surroundings take on intelligence.

Of still greater interest is the awakening of a mind from seeming indifference to the world of thought that lies about it to intelligent and eager interest in it. But the most important and interesting of all, when rightly considered, is the awakening of a soul—its awakening to its relation to humanity and to God, to its possibilities and destiny. Such an awakening, Jesus tells us, causes joy among the inhabitants of heaven. We can conceive of nothing greater than this in the world.

One such awakening is described in the fourth chapter of John.

The scene of the story is laid in the heart of Samaria, in a small town called at that time Sychar, about ten minutes' walk from Jacob's well. In that town there lived a woman in age somewhere between young womanhood and middle age, attractive, light-hearted, popular. Her morals were on a level with the average standards of the time and place. She had just religion enough to satisfy her conscience for something of the kind, but not enough to interfere with anything she wished to do. The religion of the Samaritans was a sort of counterfeit Judaism.

There came a day in this woman's life that dawned like any other day, and gave no token of ending differently from any other. Indeed, she did not expect anything different to the end of her life. She expected to live on and on in that narrow circle, working, playing, eating, sleeping, until either from old age or sickness she should die as all her fathers had and be laid in the tomb. She had caught no glimpse of anything larger than this, any greater destiny for a human being. She had not the slightest conception that before that day closed the contracted limits of her horizon would break over their boundaries, and henceforth she would live in another world and be another woman.

Along toward the middle of that day she issued from her home and entered the narrow street. With easy grace she swung the water jar, which she carried in her hand, on to her head, and erect and straight walked along the path. We can imagine her exchanging greetings with her neighbors, inquiring for their welfare. We can hear her laugh ring out as she exchanges banterings with the men.

"Well," she finally says, "I must move on down to the well and fill my jar with fresh water for dinner." She saunters down the path, perhaps humming a tune or smiling over some bright remark she had just heard.

You have seen all that life is to her, all she ever expected it would be, or cared to have it. But, as she walks down that path she is approaching the crisis of her life history.

She had almost reached the well, and was, perhaps, shaking out the long cord by which to draw water from the well, when she suddenly stopped, for there, right before her, sitting on the well curb, was a Jewish rabbi! But of course he will not deign even to look at her, and she will have nothing to do with him, and so she moved on to the well. But he does look at her, and she is conscious of it, and, a moment after is thrilled to hear him address her. "Will you give me some water to drink?" She had never before in all her life been courteously addressed by a Jew, and never at all unless it was to be called a dog. She looked at him in wonder. "Sir, I do not understand this." "Understand what?" "You are a Jew, and I am a Samaritan woman. You must know that the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans, and for a Jew to accept a drink of water from a Samaritan woman would be a disgrace." He replies, "Woman"—Before that word, in the tone of voice in which he spoke it, and the friendly look that accompanied it, all distinctions of race and rank and creed fell away. It was one human being speaking to another, one soul addressing another soul, one child of the heavenly Father talking with another. Here is a man great enough to disregard all traditions and human limitations, and speak to this woman as a member of the human family. The woman had never come in contact with such a man before,and as the conversation progressed, and finally reached its climax in the words, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," she listened wide-eyed, stirred as she had never been in her life. A little later, her water jar forgotten,she sped back up the path to the town. Look at her! What has happened? What has come into her life, since, careless and indifferent, she went down that path an hour before? That is what the village people wanted to know, as they saw her eager step and looked into her glowing face. "Where is your water jar? What has happened? Tell us." "Come down to the well, come down to the well! There is a great man down there! O, such a man! Come and hear him speak! I have never heard such words! Must he not be the Christ?"

An awakened soul! Life could never be the same thing to her again. The sunrise, ushering in a new day, her household duties, the children growing up around her, her fellow men of every race, the birds, the flowers, the water in the well—all would have a new meaning because of the great words of the great man there at the well.

There are some truths in this story which it is impossible to miss.

One of them is the possibilities which lie in every human being. Suppose that woman had never been awakened. What is a lost soul? A soul that looses the larger meanings of life, that never comes out from its narrow confines into the larger life of God. It may never consciously miss anything. It may be satisfied with its outlook, and narrow horizon.

I stood once before a cage in Central Park, New York, in which there were two large eagles. "What a pity," I said to one of the men working about the grounds, "to shut up an eagle in a cage. How it must miss its free life."

"O no," the man replied, "they were brought here when but a few days old. This cage is the only life they know."

But I could not help wondering if the eagle nature were not there all the same. Don't you suppose it sometimes dreamed of the mountain eyrie, the lights and shadows of the mountain sides, the storms, the sweep of valley

and plain? Perhaps not. Perhaps that cage with its artificial furnishings satisfied it; but it was made for something larger. But let it out, let it try its wings a few times over the summits of our high Sierras, and then put it back in the wire cage! That Samaritan woman has tried the wings of her soul over some of God's high summits, she will never look upon life in the same way again.

I have wondered if there may not be somewhere higher beings than we are, who pity us in our artificial cages, within our narrow thoughts and petty ambitions. And then I have wondered if the thought comes to them that after all we miss nothing, because we have lived so all our lives, ignorant of the sun-gilded peaks and the strenuous summits of a life nearer God. But we were not made to live in the narrow cage. We are not in our native sphere unless we have left the wires of such a cage far behind us.

Another truth standing out in this story is the influence of one life upon another. One soul that is alive, and has caught the meaning of existence, touches another soul into life. The soul of Jesus there at the well in Samaria touched into life the soul of that woman. To do such work as this was Jesus' mission in the world. "I am come," he says, "that ye might have life and have it more abundantly."

This is the divine method of awakening souls. If we were to give our personal experiences, there are many of us who could point to some one who woke us up, whose touch upon our lives gave us a new view of duty and opportunity. History is full of examples. This truth is made the key note of Victor Hugo's great work. Jean Val Jean, the criminal, the vagabond, the thief and outlaw, meets the Bishop. That is all. The Bishop was a man with a large soul, a great heart, as unselfish as the airs of heaven. The whole book turns on that meeting of the criminal and the Bishop, a meeting which finally transformed the criminal and outlaw into one of God's noblemen. Some of you remember that many years ago a young man, ambitious, daring, self-centered, was employed by one of the great newspapers of New York to go to Africa and search for the lost Livingstone. No word had been heard from Livingstone for a long time. The commission of this great newspaper was, "Find him, dead or alive; spare no expense. Search Africa if it takes months or years." The young man was glad of such a commission—glad, because of the dangers involved, the reputation he would win if successful, the experience in that then but little known country. And so he went into the heart of the Dark Continent, a dashing, selfish, ambitious youth.

Henry M. Stanley came out of Africa an awakened soul. He had met David Livingstone. Mr. Stanley was once asked, "What was the greatest thing you saw in Africa?" He replied in subdued tones, "Livingstone."

But are there not many people in the world who never come into contact with any one who wakes them to life? There ought not to be. There are enough Christians in the world to make it impossible for anyone to pass through life without touching a soul, coming under some awakening influence somewhere. This is the mission of Christianity to our world. If you and I were all we should be, as those who profess to know God, could anyone escape touching a live soul?

Think of the gauntlet a child must run who is born in a Christian land; his father, if he is worthy of the title; his mother, if she deserves the honor; the public school teachers, if they are doing their work for something besides money; his Sunday school teacher; his Christian acquaintances,—is it possible he can pass all these and not touch a live wire on one side or the other? No, there is a great soul among them who will touch his own soul into life.

There are Jean Val Jeans roaming the world all the time, but in this day of our Lord there are Bishops at every turn; there are Samaritan women in our towns and villages; but there are now Jacob's Wells all over the world where followers of the great-souled Master sit to awaken them to life.

THE INEVITABLE CHANGE.

W. N. Burr.

Why not talk about it once in a while; the apostle Paul did! "This corruptible **must** put on incorruption, and this mortal **must** put on immortality," said he. There is no getting away from it; so why not speak of it occasionally, and get ready for it,—sensibly ready, after the manner of men and women who cherish a great hope that blossoms out of a faith that is sweet and strong and beautiful.

Several reminders of the inevitable change came to me in quick succession recently:

The morning brought a letter from a mother which carried a mother's heart-cry for a son who had suddenly been swept from sight to the life beyond the veil. Soon followed a summons to the funeral of an old friend. Less than a year before his wife, who had walked with him for many years, dropped at his side, and he had walked alone for a few months, and then his summons had come. A little later, on opening a paper, I read that that devoted Christian disciple, Rev. Jee Gam, who for forty years has been doing Christian work among his own people in San Francisco, has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Chinese Congregational Church on account of ill-health, and is going back to China with his son, there to "await his call."

Commonplace thoughts crowded the mind, but the customary often sounds the keynote of truth. Whatever may hold us apart through lift, there comes a day when we meet on the same footing—high and low, rich and poor, black and white, bond and free. The people of one nation cannot look condescendingly or with the spirit of the despiser upon those of any other nation, and say: "Death is **your** portion, but we are exempt."

Haughty Americans cannot toss their heads when they see a Chinaman and say: "It's death for that Chinaman sooner or later, but never for us." King Edward VII had to lie down and give up to Death when Death came for him. His crown could not protect him; though surrounded on all sides by armed guards, they could not keep off that last enemy. Death **is**.—Not a fancy, a sentiment, a bit of poetry talk,—Death **is**.

And some people stop there and shudder for a moment at the thought, and then plunge into life and try to forget the fact that Death **is**, and that no man escapes him. Ministers used to recall this act with solemn faces, urging their people to "get ready to die," for death is sure; but

the people grew tired of such grewsome talk and the word went forth: "Preach life, not death. Teach men how to live, not how to die"; and in these later days the pulpit throbs more with glad life than with solemn dissertations on death and eternity. And it is well; for he who lives at his best has made the best possible preparation for the inevitable change.

And yet, with all our later day preaching concerning the higher order of living here and now, the stern old fact remains, and we cannot preach it away nor bury it in neglect, nor can we in any way get away from it—that stern old fact that Death **is.**

But when Paul said "Death is," he did not stop there and shudder and then plunge off into a busy life, and try to forget the fact of Death.

He said "Death is, but he went on with a glad joy-cry: "Death is **swallowed up!** Death is swallowed up in victory!" And so out from a grewsome thought he drew a glad thought, and he sent it out into the world, emphasizing not so much the act of death as that other fact, strong and sweet and full of cheer, that death, all the awful hideousness of death, is swallowed up in victory.

Somewhere I read these words the other day: "Dr. Chalmers looks down on sin-sodden Edinburgh. At the sight of the squalor and sin his heart leaps up within him. 'What a beautiful field!' " he exclaims.

Dr. Chalmers had that in him that transformed that polluted slum-field into a field beautiful with possibilities. And he went at the work of reformation with enthusiasm. The horror of it was "swallowed up" in the white light of his Christ-like love for stricken, outcast humanity. So death has its horrors; but even horrid death may be swallowed up in Victory—the victory of love and trust and confidence in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ. "Thanks be to God, who **giveth** us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Blessed are they who face the inevitable change with

"Not mute, enduring courage unsubdued,
Not that grim, close-jawed, stoic fortitude
That fronts defiantly the foeman's rage,
But as a bird greets the breaking of its cage,
And the last barrier to its flight falls in!"

THE POETRY OF CHILDHOOD.

Oliver Van Wagnen.

There have always been two infallible indicators on the dial of the progress of nations—"The Treatment of Women and the Appreciation of Childhood." As individuals and nations have advanved from savage barbarism to developed culture, womanhood has been more and more shielded, liberated and refined, and childhood has been nurtured, protected and idealized. It is a far cry from the days of the Last Crusade when a multitude of the neglected, lonely, wild children of Europe were urged on a frenzied expedition to secure a crazy ideal—to the central object of our modern life—for really two-thirds of our living and thinking has its roots and life in the begetting, training and enjoyment of children. Whatever tends to elevate and make childhood of more value is held as holy and of good report, and whatever degrades, abuses and misjudges childhood is to be abhorred and abandoned. As the race learns that chilren are the real teachers, and not men, so it advances nearer the perfected life. The finest, sweetest qualities of manhood come from them. The Great Teacher recognized this, and on one occasion placed a child in the midst and said if his hearers would enter the kingdom of Heaven, which is another word for glad, pure, free efficient manhood, they must learn of a little child. And the poets and seers have always seen this. George Elliot's Silas Marner is only this—that a soured, cynical, withered soul is to be restored to beautiful manhood by association with a golden-haired child.

The classic line of the prophet of old is blazened over the gateway of our century, "A little child shall lead them."

When Isaiah saw the warring forces of the world and the conflicting elements of civilization brought into harmony and peace it is a child who subdues the fierce elements of life.

One of the best stories of late years was Margaret Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Again it is the tale of a perverted womanhood restored to purity by the presence of a little boy.

Childhood has three inevitable things to teach us. One cannot see much of children without seeing that the **Faith** element is strong and radiant, and the secret of their joyous living. This faith is instinctive. They believe life is for good—that it is good and evil is an accident in it. To children sorrow is the shadow, joy the real sunshine. Pain and rain pass; health and sunshine are real, and stay.

The world is God's—bright, joyous, beautiful. It is a wonderful gift. The child delights in it. He trusts men and women. Occasionally he gets disillusioned, but still his faith in the worth of life is deep and abounding.

It is a beautiful quality to keep fresh through the years. Those much with children retain it longest. It is an essential trait in Prophet and Poet. Mr. Beecher was a signal example, and even through his darkest days he kept a sweet, child-like and happy trust in life. After his great trial, speaking to a group of ministers, he said: "I suppose I have, perhaps, trusted men too much, given confidences where they should have been withheld, but rather than become like some cynical, blase men I know,—suspicious of virtue everywhere, distrustful of every man,—I should rather go through it all again."

Another engaging trait of childhood is **Eagerness.** It is full of zeal for new things. Its mind is open for new ideas. Its heart expects big things to happen. Its Curiosity is insatiable. Unlike mature age, it is free from fixed, unchangeable, preconceived ideas.

There was no dead line with such men as Gladstone, Hale and Phillips Brooks. The golden age for them was where the child's is—always in the future.

Frederick Lynch was lunching one day with Phillips Brooks during his college career. While at table a workman came to install a new gas lamp on the Bishop's desk. The meal was forgotten and the great-hearted preacher was only an intent, interested boy—with attention riveted on every screw. Like John Green he "died learning."

Frobel contended that no man could really enjoy life

who lost the child's eager interest. The windows must be always open to the east. The grown man is morn by morn called back to drink deep of the sunrise of his childhood.

But most attractive of all the elements of childhood is its quick, hearty response to the beauty of the world. Its **impressionableness** is its charm. It takes unstinted delight in life's surprises, gives instantaneous expression to deep feelings, enters whole-heartedly into the great and simple joys of life. The critical faculty is practically absent from the child mind. The child face is suffused with an abiding wonder. It believes the play is true. The bear and the doll are alive when not asleep; the world is new every morning. If we could keep the miracle of childhood impressionableness through the years, the world would remain unspoiled and life undwarfed. We lose this power too soon; life is soured early, and we become cynical and blase.

An old man told me that when he first saw the ocean he wept;—now it was only salt water to him. Men, when they first crossed the Sierras at the Great Divides and on the summits, shouted for joy;—now hundreds daily round Cape Horn without troubling themselves to look out the car window. The story is told of a young man who on first seeing the Gorner Grat, looking over the immense fields of ice and snow and those rock bastions rising into the face of heaven, was as one exalted, and then cried like a child. Forty years after it was only rock and snow. Music to youth is liquid and angel-winged, but to age is often only sound and fury. The mountains, the ocean, the fields, the symphony, are unchanged—alas, the soul has lost its childlikeness. But to lose that is to lose the Kingdom of Heaven, said the greatest poet. So, play with the children and live with them and think in their terms. To lose the Poetry of Childhood is too much like losing one's soul. It is told of Piers the Plowman that clear through to his old age there was "a great light of wonder in his face."

Certain poets have caught and expressed these elements of childhood until their words, which sing of the Trust, Eagerness and Impressionableness of the realms untouched by years, have made their names loved and their memories revered. There have not been many men who have really contributed to the Poetry of Childhood. It is only within the last hundred years that anything permanent in English has been written touching this theme. The Germans were much ahead of us in the appreciation of this subject, and their poetry of childlife goes far back into the days of oral rhyming and poetic tradition.

Wordsworth might be said to be the first great poet to immortalize an experience in childhood and there is nothing in all literature like his—

> "There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And islands of Winander! Many a time,
> At evening, when the earliest stars began
> To move along the edges of the hills,
> Rising or setting would he stand alone,
> Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
> And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
> Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
> That they might answer him."

Wordsworth has also sounded the note of the protecting power of an innocent life in a stanza written "To a Child' in her album:

> "Small service is true service while it lasts;
> Of humblest Friends, light creature! scorn not one;
> The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
> Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.'

Again he has expressed as few could the simple faith of a child in the continuity of life:

> "How many are you then," said I,
> If they two are in Heaven?"
> The little maiden did reply:
> "O Master! We are seven."
>
> "But they are dead: those two are dead!
> Their spirits are in Heaven!"
> 'Twas throwing words away: for still
> The little maid would have her Will,
> And said: 'Nay, we are seven!' "

A poet of our own day has put it beautifully and as simply in the lines:—

> "I like to stand in this great air
> And see the sun go down.
> It shows me a bright veil to wear
> And such a pretty gown.
> Oh, I can see a playmate there,
> Far up in Splendour Town!"

Our own Longfellow is a close second to Wordsworth in his delineation of childhood. A scanning of his poems brings such titles as these to the fore: — "The Child Asleep," "The Boy and the Brook," "The Angel and the Child," "My Lost Youth." In this last poem is this passage so true of a boy:—

> "I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
> Across the School-boy's brain;
> The song and the silence in the heart,
> That in part are prophecies, and in part
> Are longings wild and vain.
> And the voice of that fitful song
> Sings on, and is never still:
> 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thots of youth are long, long thots.' "

We all remember "The Children's Hour," with its song and color and atmosphere of all that is sweet and lasting in children.

Poets of our own day find the eternal elements of childhood the same. One could quote indefinitely from Stevenson, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and others who have interpreted childhood in lasting verse, but the message is much the same

—that of the eternal qualities of Trust, Eagerness and Impressionableness of the "Little One in the Midst."

INDUSTRIALISM IN MISSIONS.

The New York Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union says that a missionary from Burma came into his office the other day and asked the address of the best pipe organ maker in the United States. He gave it to him. Then he wanted the names of the religious music publishers, and he got those. Next he sought advice about leading architects, builders and cabinet manufacturers, which he received. Finally he asked for the firm in the States that produced the best rice-making machinery, and as the Secretary told him he turned and said: "What are you driving at, anyway? You talk like a capitalist instead of a missionary. What do you want with all those names?" He replied:

"My people, the Karens, have sent me to America to buy a pipe organ for their church, music for their services, plans for new buildings, books and equipment for their library, and the most improved machinery for working their rice plantations. They are independent and self-supporting, and they will pay for all these things themselves."

The Karens, who now want pipe organs, libraries, and rice-making machines, were, only a few years ago, untutored barbarians, subsisting by the most primitive industries. The missionaries came, preached to them, and helped them work. At Bassein a large sawmill was imported and set up to keep the idle converts busy and provide the timber for the mission. Coffee and rice plantations were started, cotton was raised and ginned, salt was manufactured. Evangelism and schooling went hand in hand with industry, till now six or seven thousand Karens—uplifted mentally, morally and industrially—have been enrolled into prosperous Christian communities.

India, China and Asia Minor are the three chief fields of present-day missionary industrialism. Each of these old countries possesses handicrafts unequalled in the Occident. The rugs of the near East, the exquisite hand carving and metal work of India, the fabrics, porcelain and laces of China have not been affected by the flood of cheap, machine-made products that have inundated the world. The opportunity presents itself to make each mission school a school of handicrafts, and the missionaries are seizing upon it.

Something must be done or the converts after conversion. Only a few can be employed to teach or preach; their new religion isolates them from the field of heathen industry; and to fit them as clerks merely aggravates the evils of literary education, which has filled India with English-trained babus seething with political unrest. Therefore, the need of the hour drives the missionary into industrialism, whether he would or no, and growing industries, workshops an trade schools dot the map from Beirut to Shanghai and from Ceylon to Persia.

Christianized industries have also taken firm root in Africa and in the South Seas. The problems and opportunities there more nearly resemble those of negro education in the American South. The future of Africa for many years to come will be agricultural. The work of the missionary must be that of the pioneer. Out of the tropical wilderness he builds an oasis of tilth and civilization, and he teaches the native African to do likewise. The last is often a hard job. As a swarthy chieftain proudly remarked, "Why should I sweat when I have a wife, whom I exchanged for ten cows, to do the drudgery?" Such logic cannot be answered. The notion of a wife bought as a domestic animal must first be eradicated.

The English fashion of handling the situation—an eminently practical British one, by the way—is to organize joint stock companies, friendly with the mission boards, and thus carry on trading with the natives and provide them employment. Dividends are limited to 5 per cent, and the subscribers are usually supporters of the missionary cause.

The prospectus of one of these corporations, Papuan Industries, Limited, reads somewhat like an opera bouffe libretto. It announced that the Rev. F. W. Walker, having labored eight years as a worker for the London Missionary Society, and six years on his own account as a South Sea trader, was prepared to Christianize the lowly Papuan and also to earn dividends for his shareholders by trading with aforesaid Papuan. As good as his promise, he went to the island of Badu, Torres Straits, three years ago, built a house and store, sowed 6,000 cocoanuts, started big rubber and hemp plantations, and in the meantime set the islanders, equipped with fifteen boats he had brought from England, to diving for pearl shells and a certain edible slug which is packed and sold to China.

The first year the Papuans brought up five tons of shell and collected marine products valued at $3,000. They bought largely at the company store, and put on clothes, but the narrator fails to state whether they organized a union. The evangelical side of the work was not neglected, for the pastor-trader preached weekly and at the end of the year a respectable settlement of native Christians was formed. If the enterprise continues to prosper, Mr. Walker and his Papuans may rival the Sandwich Islanders.

The English say the industrial training of savage races is indispensable, even in countries where the native may cull the breadfruit as he strolls or where the cocoa palm supplies all the necessities of life. Deprived of hunting and fighting, his principal occupations, he becomes an easy prey to vice, degeneracy and disease. Unless he can acquire civilized wants and labor to gratify them, civilization will kill him. The Rev. W. S. Naylor in "World Wide Missions" remarks: "The future of Africa depends very largely on the industry of the African. The problem is one of making industrious those whom bountiful Nature has nurtured without industry."

Uganda Industries, Limited, and East African Iudustries, Limited, are two of the corporations affiliated with the Church of England Missionary Society in industrializing Africa. Cotton production, or which it affords a market, is the special care of the former, while the East Africa enterprise maintains large plantations of palm trees, hemp, rubber and cocoa, trades in cattle and farm products, runs a brick yard, and even maintains a public laundry at Frere Town.

English and American mission boards have learned many valuable lessons from the experience of the Moravian missionaries and that of the Basel (Switzerland) Evangelical Mission. In all countries into which he has adventured the Moravian has been a captain of industry as well as missioner. He puts the Eskimos to work in the frosts of

Labrador, and makes a garden out of the wilderness of Pennsylvania or the Carolinas. Similarly the Basel workers brought German thrift and thoroughness to British India. Their missions have been established about seventy-five years, and the Basel cloths and Basel tile they manufacture are famous throughout the East.

Industrial missions are not a novelty, but the extensive use of them by Protestant organizations is. On the whole, they are serving the Protestants as well as they served the Catholics in the conquest of the two Americas. The day seems not far distant when all kinds of mission handiwork will be largely sold in the department stores of American cities.

WHAT MAKES THE CITY A PROBLEM?

By Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

The city is not only a problem; it is the supreme problem of our times because in it are concentrated and complicated nearly all of the great problems of the new civilization.

1. The social problem is the problem of re-adjusting our human relationships, which have been multiplied a thousandfold and rendered close and complex by the division of labor. In the age of homespun each family was practically independent of all the world; now we are dependent for the comforts and even the necessaries of life on many thousands whom we have never seen. There has been a great multiplication of obligations which are not yet appreciated. As men become more dependent they should become more dependable. The more highly society is organized the more easily is it deranged and the greater is the liability to suffering through the failure of some organ to perform its proper function.

Now, these close and complex relations—physical, industrial, social, moral and political — which involve so great possibidlities of good and evil, are much closer and more complex in the city than anywhere else. Hence the social problem is more complicated in the city than elsewhere.

2. Democracy is the great political problem of the present and of the future. The world's past has belonged to kings and aristocracies, but the future belongs to the people. Ignorant and vicious power is always dangerous. If the people are to rule successfully, their standards of intelligence and morals must rise as population becomes more dense and the problems of government more complicated.

Democracy is now on trial in the city. Indeed, in our great cities it has already broken down. The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, some time before he became the representative of the Court of St. James at Washington, said to a company of Americans: "You cannot go on for twenty-five years longer in your great cities as you have been doing. If you do, you will put back us liberals in Europe for five hundred years.

The government of a city of 50,000 is vastly more difficult than that of a village of 500. The government of a city of 500,000 is vastly more difficult than that of a city of 50,000, and the government of a city of 5,000,000 will be vastly more difficult than that of a city of 500,000. But the city as it grows ten times larger does not become ten times more intelligent and moral. On the contrary, it grows more immoral, and the more ignorant classes are more likely to gain control.

3. While government is moving toward democracy, industry is moving toward aristocracy. The control of expanding business enterprises is passing into the hands of few and fewer. The reconciliation of industry with the spirit of democracy constitutes the labor problem, which is one of the greatest problems of the new civilization. The failure to solve it has brought capital and labor into conflict, with resulting strikes and lockouts and riots.

Obviously, the labor problem is much more serious in the city than elsewhere, because there capital is massed and there labor is organized as nowhere else.

4. The race problem is old, but it is given new significance by the conditions of the new civilization. Cheap transportation is now bringing into close contact and economic competition races which have very different standards of living, thus increasing race antipathy and even endangering international relations.

Various races are thrown together in close contact in the city, and especially in the American city as nowhere else. This is true in the North to a degree that is not yet true in the South, but in due time there will be a collection of races which will make every large city in the land a veritable human museum.

In addition to the negro, there are the immigrants, who make each of our cities as large as Cincinnati the home of fifty nationalities or more. In New York sixty-six different languages are spoken.

Immigrants are coming at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. And Europe alone can send us 3,000,000 a year—300,000,000 during the twentieth century—and yet increase the source of supply. Immigration is likely to increase for many years to come, and whatever strain it places on our institutions is three times as great in the city as in the rural districts. Surely if America is God's great laboratory for the world, the American city is his crucible.

5. Wealth is another of the great and, as yet, unsolved problems of the new civilization. The application of machinery to manufacture has resulted in a creation of wealth wholly unequaled even by the fabled touch of Midas. According to Mr. Gladstone, of wealth which could be handed down from one generation to another as much was created during the first half of the nineteenth century as during the eighteen centuries preceding, and as much more was produced during the next twenty years. If this is a reasonable estimate, there was four times as much wealth created and saved during the nineteenth century as during all the preceding ages of the Christian era. There is a new creation of wealth; there are new equivalents of wealth; there are new possibilities of wealth; there are new perils of wealth; there are new responsibilities of wealth. Here is a great problem which, if unsolved, will become a great peril. While it taxes our intelligence, it will try our moral fiber.

Now our wealth is being massed in the city. Three-quarters of it are already there. Whatever strain, there-

fore, wealth places on our institutions is three times as great in the city as in the country.

6. If we would fully appreciate the problem of the city, we must remember that the **disproportionate** growth of the city is one of the necessary characteristics of the new civilization. The limits of this article do not permit the demonstration of the above proposition, but it has been demonstrated that the city is to absorb an increasing proportion of the population until it dominates the nation. The city will control the civilization of the future. If the city is paganized, civilization will be paganized. If the city is Christianized, the world will be Christianized. After twenty years' study of this subject, I am fully convinced that the gospel of God is the wisdom of God unto the solution of the problem of the city, and the power of God unto the salvation of the city.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Bernardino.—Church and minister are voted vacations for the month of August. Claremont is vacation headquarters.

Mill Valley.—Rev. Lyman W. Winslow conducted the services last Sunday in the absence of the pastor, Rev. S. L. Yarrow, who is away on his vacation.

Oakland, Market St.—At the morning service Rev. H. H. Wikoff addressed the congregation upon "Church Extension," presenting the subject in an interesting manner.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—Rev. Joseph Rowell occupied the pulpit in the morning of July 31st and preached with his usual vigor. In the evening Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached most acceptably and was in turn edified by the fine congregational singing, which he stated was most inspiring.

Oakland, Fourth.—On Sunday, July 24th, the pulpit was filled acceptably by Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson of Campbell; his addresses of both morning and evening being much enjoyed. Rev. F. H. Maar and family have returned from their vacation.

Berkeley, First.—On Sunday, July 24th, the church welcomed the pastor, Rev. Harry R. Miles, back to his pulpit after the summer vacation. Rev. Mr. Wikoff informs the Pacific that it was his pleasure to attend but not conduct the services of the First church upon that date, as was erroneously stated in last week's issue.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Rev. O. L. Corbin of Bethlehem church, conducted last Sunday's services both morning and evening. He reported that he found the members of Plymouth church alive and loyal and that good work is being done through Miss Benton, who is acting as visitor. Prof. Castor has been secured to occupy the pulpit during the month of August.

La Jolla, Cal.—After more than two months spent in the Eastern states, the pastor, Rev. Shelton Bissell, with Mrs. Bissell and their oldest son, returned on July 20. In the interim the church was ministered to most acceptably by Rev. John Doane, of Greeley, Col., who has been sojourning in Southern California with his wife, whose health has been impaired. On Monday, July 25, ground was broken for the Tracy Memorial Chapel, named in loving memory of La Jolla's late minister, Rev. Alfred E. Tracy. The addition, when complete, will cover Sunday school room and chapel, 30x18 feet, and ladies' kitchen, 17x10 feet, and will be ornamented with a tower and belfry, in which it is hoped to install a bell in the not distant future. Summer congregations are very large, over 100 being present Sunday morning, July 24. Among the many Congregational folk spending vacation here are Rev. Henry Kingham of Claremont, and Rev. Edward McClellan, of Chula Vista, and their families.

Salida.—Friday evening last the commodious home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Elmore at Salida was the scene of a function significant of the appreciation of old friends and welcome to the new. More than fifty people, some from San Francisco, were present and listened attentively to the formal address of welcome extended to Rev. E. J. Singer, recently called to the pastorate of the Salida Congregational Church, and his wife, from Rev J. A. Magill, General Missionary of Northern California, for the people, and the earnest response by Mr. Singer. A cordial, deeply-hopeful spirit was manifest in both. It is indeed true, as was indicated, that the united efforts of pastor and people are needed in this prosperous, growing commuunity to conserve the best things promoting the general welfare. Salida is a good place with a good start, and the better the beginning, the better the future growth, is well known. Steady prosperity in things spiritual, as in things material, is the ideal. A superior and charming program entertained the company during the evening. At the close of the program, Mr. Singer, representing the friends assembled, presented Mr. and Mrs. Elmore with a beautiful gift of crystal in honor of their twenty-second wedding anniversary.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

An interesting series of evangelistic meetings are being held at Forest Grove under the auspices of the Congregational Church of that city in a large tent, the church building not being large enough to accommodate the attendance. Rev. George E. Paddock, D.D., of the Hassalo Street Congregational Church, of this city, has been assisting Rev. D. T. Thomas, the pastor of the Forest Grove Church, and has preached a series of strong sermons. The meetings began two weeks ago, and owing to the constantly increasing interest as manifested by the attendance, will be continued another week.

Mr. John Paul O. Lownsdale, an Oregon pioneer of 1851, who was born in Princeton, Gibson county, Indiana, January 1, 1830, died on July 23d, in this city. His father, Daniel Lownsdale, came to Oregon in 1845, and in 1848 bought of Francis W. Pettygrove, all his right, title and interest in the original townsite of this city—one mile square—for $5,000. In 1853 Mr. Lownsdale returned to Indiana and went into business with an uncle in his native

town. Owing to his father's advancing years and consequent ill health he returned to Portland in 1862, but not in time to see his father alive, and has been a continuous resident ever since. He was married to Miss Sarah R. Milburn in Indiana in 1854. She became a member of the First Congregational Church of this city in March, 1864, by letter, and just a year later Mr. Lownsdale united with the same church by confession. Besides his widow he leaves a daughter and two sons. Faithfulness to duty as he saw it was a marked characteristic of his long and useful life.

Prof. William T. Foster, professor of English in Bowdoin College, Maine, after considering the matter a good while, besides coming here and looking over the field carefully, has accepted the call to the presidency of the Reed Institute. Prof. Foster is a native of Boston, and thirty-two years old. He was graduated from Harvard with honors in 1901, and since then has become a recognized authority on educative administration. He will arrive here in September, and will at once thereafter begin preparations for opening the Institute, which will be some time next year. It is estimated that the funds to support this institution, left by Mr. and Mrs. Simon G. Reed, early Oregon pioneers, now amount to about $3,000,000. Hence it may be seen that the management of this enterprise calls for an executive head of unusual ability. And in Prof. Foster it is believed by the board of trustees that this has been secured.

Dr. Luella Clay Carson, President of Mills College, Oakland, Cal., is spending her vacation in this city with her aged father, who came here from Ohio in 1850. She is not spending her time idly, however, as she is improving every opportunity to advance the cause of Mills College. The entire coast should give this important institution most cordial support.

Rev. D. F. Fox, D.D., of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, lectured twice and preached once at the Willamette Valley Chautauqua, Gladstone Park, ten miles south of this city, which closed on July 24th. He had large audiences and made an excellent impression upon all who heard him, both as a lecturer and a preacher. Two additional Chautauquans were organized in Oregon this year —one at Albany, and the other at Columbia Beach, just south of Astoria, both of which had successful sessions. Dr. Fox lectured at both.

Portland, July 31, 1910.

Hubbard—The work is in good healthy condition and considerable interest is manifested in the church. While there are five different denominations represented in the town and a large German-speaking church two miles out, the Congregational church is the leading church, and has most to do in moulding the morals of the community. The town looks to us for the main part of the religious work. Since we came here, a year ago last March, the church has purchased a new hundred and twenty-five dollar organ. We have no debt on the property and all financial obligations have been met in full. The church adopted the apportionment plan, and have raised all the benevolences in full, the first time the church has done this. While our additions to the church membership have not been large, we have been getting a foothold in the town. We are hoping and praying that during the coming fall and winter a large ingathering may be had. The town is growing quite rapidly, and the promises for the future are many. At the Elliott church the work has taken rapid strides; one year ago we had eleven members; we now have twenty-six, with more coming in in the near future. Our East Willamette Association met with this church last May. It was acknowledged by all to have been the best by far of any Association in the State. They too adopted the apportionment plan, and have the money all paid in. The Bethel church is "Our Baby"; one year ago we had nothing there but an empty church building. There was a flourishing society there at one time, but all the members but one moved away and left us without anything. The work was abandoned and for three years we had nothing but the empty church. Last fall the writer was invited there to preach; at the close of the service five or six men gathered around him and said, "We want you to take us into the church, there will be fifteen or twenty of us go in if you will take us." Eight or ten came by letter from other churches, the rest on confession of faith. The work was taken up, and as a result we now have a membership of twenty-seven. They also adopted the apportionment plan and have the money raised in full. Our East Willamette Association meets with this church next spring.—Rev. Franklin C. Butler.

MINISTERS' MONDAY MEETING.

This week's meeting was addressed by Rev. H. A. Luckenbach of Washington. His remarks were upon "Washington and the Pacific Coast." The country of the Northwest, the speaker said, was in a formative state, new territory constantly being developed and railroads continually being extended. Congregationalism is strong and influential in spots. The churches throughout Washington have received a great impetus and benefit these last three years through their concerted and heroic effort to become self-supporting. At the beginning of the time they faced the necessity of raising $20.000. An apportionment for each member was made, and the churches were called upon monthly to meet their obligation. This plan has been largely successful and this year marks the time of self-supporting Congregationalism in Washington. Splendid work is being done throughout the state by the method of evangelism that is followed. Pastors of the different churches exchange for a week's or ten days' special meetings and do most excellent work with telling results. The speaker stated that in his opinion Congregationalism lacks emphasis; that some other denominations have become prominent and successful through specializing. He urged that Congregationalism exert itself to be ambitious for self-support, strong in evangelistic service, and foremost in pioneer missionary work in occupying new territory.

Next Monday, in response to invitation, Rev. M. H. Tenney, who has returned from a mountain trip with the Sierra Club, will address the meeting. Inasmuch as Rev. Leslie B. Briggs, newly appointed to the secretaryship, stated that he could be present but one meeting in the month, the office was declared vacant, and later Rev. Geo. A. Charnock was elected secretary.

ANNUAL CONGRESS OF REFORM OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

As is its custom, the California Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Sara J. Dorr, president, is preparing for its annual summer meeting, formerly known as "The School of Methods," established for the benefit of temperance workers, but which, as the years have passed, has expanded until it has developed into what is now styled "A Congress of Reform." From the platform, at this Congress, will be heard workers in many reforms, each at liberty to speak freely of his own pet aims and aspirations.

The Congress, usually held at Pacific Grove, has, this year, been invited to hold its session at San Francisco, and will meet, August 14, 1910, in Trinity Presbyterian church, 23rd and Capp streets, and will be open to the general public. On the afternoon of the 14th, at three o'clock, there will be a Children's Temperance Rolly at the church, to which parents and friends are invited.

The program is not yet completed, but a special feature of the forenoon, beginning Tuesday, will be the Bible Study hour from eleven to twelve o'clock. This will be led by Miss Amanda M. Hicks, who gave such pleasant and helpful hours in the same study at the last Congress.

A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT AGAINST OPIUM

It is estimated that there are in the United States from 100,000 to 150,000 opium smokers, exclusive of the Chinese. Dr. Wright, a member of a government commission appointed to investigate as to this vice estimates the opium smokers in Chicago to be between 5000 and 15,000, exclusive of the Chinese. In New York the estimate is about the same. The habit is found largely among disreputable women and criminals. Investigation in twenty-five different states show that nearly twenty-two per cent of the former and sixteen of the latter are opium smokers. And competent authorities state that nine-tenths of the criminal classes and fallen women use opium in some form or other. Frequently this is by the taking of morphine tablets or by the hypodermic injection of the drug. The habit has been found quite prevalent in rural districts, among wives of farmers; owing , it is said to lack of social diverson. Many trained nurses and doctors have contracted the habit. Among the negroes the use of cocaine is speading rapidly.

It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be a world-wide movement against the opium vice. A conference to this end was held recently in Shanghai, China. The fear of Great Britain that suppressing the traffic might have a detrimental effect on India revenues prevented an international agreement, China had already taken steps to prevent the importation in connection with her effort to suppress the vice. The United States has a law prohibiting the importation of opium except for medical purposes, but large quantities are smuggled in from Canada and Mexico.

The recent international conference at Shanghai recomended the enactment of measures prohibiting the shipment of opium from one country to another. But nothing can result until the recommendations are embodied in treaties and signed by the different nations.

It is thought that Great Britian will change her attitude, will not allow money considerations to outweigh the highest welfare of her Indian colonies and will enter into a world agreement against apium.

A CITY OF MANY ISMS.

, Battle Creek, Michigan, has the unique distinction of having been the home of more of the isms or peculiar reilgious beliefs than any other city in that State or perhaps in the United States. The Detroit Free Press says:

Fifty-five years ago the Seventh Day Adventists located there and made Battle Creek their headquarters for the world. Their subsequent wonderful growth made the name of Battle Creek synonymous with Adventism. Then came the Spiritualists, and the city became widely known as the headquarters in Michigan for that cult. At one time they had a very large society, and all of the noted free thinkers and agnostics in the country came there to lecture.

It is singular that these two denominations represented the two extremes in religion, one extremely orthodox and the other the broadest kind of liberalism. More literature of these two faiths has been sent out from Battle Creek than from any other city in this country. The ablest and best known authors of both isms have resided here at some time. Among the first settlers were a band of Quakers. Subsequently they all became Spiritualists.

Next came a colony from the East who were imbued with Fourierism and extreme liberal ideas on religion and social life. They established a community three miles west of the city, built a college and other buildings and called themselves the Harmonists. Several authors and men of note cast their lot with this socialistic enterprise, among them being Governor Talmadge of Wisconsin, who died while in the community.

One man who obtained a good following was Dr. Dowling. He had a strong personality and could easily influence people. He had a brand-new religion, his followers calling themselves "Christadelphians."

Dr. Swartz of Chicago dropped down to Battle Creek and was the firfist person to teach the "mind cure" in that city. He got a following that increased and branched off into other systems of new thought, and several societies along that line were organized, including a "Metaphysical Club."

The city has had followers and proselyters for the "Hermetic Brotherhood," "Age to Come," "Millennium Dawn," "Breath of Life," "Theosophy," "Gnostics" "Fire Worshippers," Restitutionists," Saint of God." "Church of the Larger Hope" cults. The latest introduction into the city is a "new thought" cult called the "Flohim Brotherhood."

"Father," said the small son of an editor, "Is Jupiter inhabited?" "I don't know, my son." Presently he was interrupted again. "Father, are there any sea serpents?" "I dont know, my son." The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information. "Father, what does the north pole look like?" But alas! again came the answer, "I don't know, my son." Then the child inquired, with withering emphasis: "Father, how did you get to be an editor?"

The Home.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit; Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me, the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

Edward Rowland Sill.

THE MEANING OF "BARACA."

By C. E. Crossland.

There are a great many people who do not know the unique origin and the meaning of the word "Baraca." Indeed, there are some Sunday school workers to whom this will be a bit of new information. Since the word "Baraca" is now a most usual one in the vocabulary of Sunday school workers throughout the entire world, it will be well to know how we came to have it.

In the twentieth chapter of II Chronicles will be found the story from which "Baraca"is secured. Briefly it is this: The kingdom of Judah was threatened by an army of its enemies. Good King Jehoshaphat prayed unto Jehovah for deliverance, and the Lord answered this prayer by vexing the hosts of the enemy so that they fell upon and slew each other. Thus, when King Jehoshaphat and his people went from Jerusalem ont to the scene of the camp of the enemy, they found most of them slain and the rest of them fled. They also found so many jewels and riches that they were three days gathering up the spoil.

Then comes the twenty-sixth verse, as follows: "And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the valley of Beracah; for there they blessed Jehovah. Therefore the name of that place was called the Valley of Beracah unto this day." The margin translates this Beracah as

When Mr. Marshall A. Hudson organized his first class for young men, he wanted a name for it. In carefully reading his Bible, he came upon this word meaning "blessing," and seized it for his class. The spelling of the word was changed slightly, so as to permit the making of the monogram design which is so familiar in well organized Sunday schools today.

Baraca has indeed been a real "blessing" to thousands, and literally hundreds of thousands of young men all over North America and the world. It could not but bless them, when it has brought them into the Sunday school and to the Bible and to God.

Every pastor and superintendent and teacher of young men or boys ought to investigate carefully the Baraca class idea. Its wonderful success from every viewpoint proves conclusively the correctness of its methods. The author of this article will be glad to furnish, free of any charge, full information to any reader. Simply write a letter to C. E. Crossland, Nashville, Tenn.

Philathea.

In like manner, the young ladies have a most appropriate name for their organized classes. The word "Philathea" is made up from two Greek words, and means "Lovers of the truth."

The history of the derivation, of these two great words in our modern Sunday school and religious life will make an interesting item for the scrap book of the reader of this article.

DIONYSIUS, THE LITTLE.

Rev. A. W. Ackerman.

As year by year we replace one calendar for another, or month by month strip off the guide that has served its day, it is not often that we stop to enquire concerning the significance of the date or the testimony which it bears to the place and power of Christ as he stands at the summit of human character, human history and human destiny.

On Christmas eve a great crowd gathered to gaze at a strange light in the sky above the flat-iron building in New York City. A policeman tried to move the people on and said it was nothing but a star. But a young woman suggested quietly that it was a star that led the wise men to the infant Jesus, and when the policeman wanted to know what that had to do with it, she answered: "Nothing, only it was Christmas eve." Once again in the long sweep of the centuries the wise men and women in the crowd were led to Jesus by a star. It is equally possible to be lured to the presence of the Christ by the series of numbers that stand daily before us on our calendar.

If one could have gone to Rome in the year 527 and had started out to find the greatest man then living in the world, the first impulse might have been to visit the palace and seek an audience with the man who swayed the thoughts and consciences of men as well as their lives, who was one of the wealthiest men of his day and lived in such splendor that even then he was always in debt. Some would have gone out to the broad plain outside of the city to seek the tent of the greatest general of the day who had been sent there to accomplish a very serious and difficult task and with him find the second greatest general who was there to watch the first. To see this greatest general clothed in beautiful armor, riding his prancing horse, attended by his brave guard, at the head of the greatest army in the world, and to learn that in all his long life he had lost but one battle, would seem to many to be the discovery of real greatness. But if one really wanted to find the greatest man in the city, he must go down the street until he came to a door, studded with

nails, which opened into a dingy building. And then following the dark passages, kept scrupulously clean, he would come to a room that had neither picture nor bed, neither curtain nor chair, nothing but a plain wooden table, a stool, and a pile of straw where the man slept at night.

There is no doubt about the greatness, because the Pope died leaving his debts unpaid, and though he held so high a station, he said nothing and did nothing that either the history of the Church or of mankind has preserved; the general died, having done his part in changing the face of the earth, and is of interest today to the student only, the student of history or of the art of fighting. But Dionysius died and was buried outside the monastery wall, and though he was a holy man, one of the most learned men of his day, with a great capacity for silence, and though he rendered great service to the Church and the whole civilized world, he felt so keenly that there was nothing in his life to boast of that, when asked about the words that should be put over his grave, he said, "Dionysius, the Little."

Yet it was he who unwittingly invented the calendar of the Christian era. He determined if possible to settle the vexed question about the date of the Easter festival which had provoked heated discussions and schisms in the Church until there were a hundred ways of reckoning it, and the only guides he had were private memoranda, meagre church records, and other scattered data. But there came a day, a most eventful day, when he sat at his table in the monastery cell, with the light streaming in at the narrow window and the greater light of the love of God and man in his heart; on the table before him was the list which he had made of all the Easters that the Church had celebrated, together with the years that intervened between the resurrection and the annunciation to Mary; and then there was the scratching of a pen on parchment, the only sound in the brooding stillness of the house, and for the first time the words were written in connection with the date, "Anno Domini, 527."

It was fifty years after this that the older calendar was supplanted, and it was twelve hundred years after that Russia yielded to its claim; but today it can be said that there is no other date in the world's history which the nations of the earth are willing to concede to be greater than the greatest date of their own history, and wherever the pierced hand has healed the sinful heart, the nations write "In the year of our Lord," and wherever any other mode of reckoning is found, there lies the darkness of heathenism; there the light of the Christ has not yet come in its power and glory. It might be well to recall this now and then as we use the calendar which Dionysius worked out for us and thus be led back to Christ, the pivotal character of all history.

Our Young People

QUEER STEEDS.

"Whoa, chick! Whoa, bird!" somebody was saying.

A stroller along a road in Southern California heard the words, and wondered at such unusual terms for horses. The road led out of a little village into the country and was lined with golden poppies, while here and there brown-backed violets peeped through the green grain that, dropped from some hay wagon, was now springing up along the wayside.

The stroller was observing the flowers intently, so did not look around until "Whoa, chick! Gently, bird!" came right over his shoulder, so near that he sprang to one side, turned quickly, and in much astonishment stood facing the queerest team ever seen by anybody anywhere. Standing so close to him that one of the steeds reached over to peck at a flower in his hat were two fuzzy, grotesque birds of gigantic size, in fact, the largest birds in the world—ostriches—harnessed side by side to a curious, sulky-like vehicle that had three wheels like a tricycle. On the seat, holding the reins, sat a young man with a pleasant smile on his face, which broadened into a laugh as he saw the evident surprise of the startled observer.

"They're a little kittenish and skittish yet," he said, as one of the birds leaned over and pecked violently at the flower in the stranger's hat. "They can't kick, but they will eat anything in sight. Whoa, chick! Whoa, bird!" —as the birds made a joint effort to reach the bearer of the flowers, who now, laughing, backed out of reach of the strange team.

"Don't be afraid," said the driver, touching the bird-horses with his whip as they made another convulsive effort, lunging heavily toward the poppies. "They can't bite you; see, they're muzzled." And the man with the flowers noticed the clever way in which the birds were harnessed. Around their necks was a strap, while another strap held their beaks together so they could not bite.

"We have to muzzle them," continued the communicative driver. "They'll eat anything—from nails to oranges. Last week one bird swallowed a pipe—and lighted, at that; just snatched it out o a man's hand. But that isn't their steady diet; no. They live on alfalfa grass and vegetables and ground shells and pebbles."

The birds were harnessed not unlike horses. Heavy leather collars fitted the lower part of their necks, forming breast plates that were attached to the end of the wagon shaft and to each other; leading backward were traces that passed beneath the wings. The reins were not attached to their heads, but to their backs.

"They're just broken in," said the driver, but they travel pretty well;" and he touched the birds with the short whip and spoke to them. They looked around with their great black eyes, and then, as though what he wanted had suddenly occurred to them, started, gradually settling into a very moderate trot, turning easily and coming back up the road again.

"You see they are harnessed in to stay," the ostrich driver said as he stopped his team. "There are only two things they can do—stand in harness or go ahead. As a rule, they prefer to go. There's only one trouble—I can't get any great speed out of them."

At the South Pasadena ostrich farm, where 100 birds of all sizzes can be seen, from chicks to full-grown specimens, a boy rides one of the large birds bareback. At first the feathery stead protested, but gradually it became used to it so that the young rider goes along with all the ease imaginable.

"Curious thing, that neck," continued the driver, leaving his seat and unmuzzling one of the birds. "Watch it."

Taking from his pocket an orange, he held it out. The bird eagerly seized and swallowed it, and the orange could be seen as a large lump passing all the way down the long neck—which was an extraordinary spectacle.

A few minutes later the driver touched his strange team, and away they went to the stable, or corral, in the neighboring farm.—C. F. Holder.

PATTY'S PENNY.

By Georgia M. Root.

O, the beauty of that store window! Patty Price stood before it with her brown eyes round with anticipation of good things to come. Her bare toes burrowed into the sand and stones without feeling their hardness; her two short braids quivered with excitement, and one little brown hand clasped tightly the penny that was to purchase so much happiness.

What should it be? One thing she knew—it was to be candy, for it was so long since she had tasted any that her mouth watered for it. From the chocolate sticks, so tempting in their rich brownness, her eyes turned to the gayly-colored papers of peppermint and wintergreen lozenges, and then strayed on to brighten into determination as she saw a box of colored candy marbles, such beautiful marbles, and six for one cent! "Two for each of us," said Patty to herself, for she was a generous little soul and always remembered little brother and sister at home.

So intent was she on her choice that she did not hear the sound of wheels, nor did she see her good friend, the rural postman, jump from his delivery wagon with the big mail bag in his hand. But he saw her, and his jolly face broadened into a smile as he said:

"Hulloa, Patty! Going to buy Miss Brown out?"

Then she went up to him and slipped one hand confidingly into the big one held out to her, saying, "See what I found this morning," and, opening the other hand, displayed the moist treasure within.

"Why, let's see that penny, Patty," said the postman with a twinkle in his bright eye. "Why, that looks just like the one I lost yesterday afternoon!"

Then it was Mr. Rice's penny and not hers at all! Poor Patty! her heart seemed to sink right down nto her feet, it was such a disappointment. Well, one thing was certain, she wouldn't enjoy buying candy right under his very eyes with a penny that he had said was his. So she slipped away while the postman went on into the office never thinking again of his joking words.

She would go and ask mother if she ought to give it back to him. Mother always knew what it was best to do. So in haste she came into the room where her mother sat mending little garments in all stages of dilapidation, and with words tumbling over one another in their hurry, and with some tears, finally made herself understood.

Mrs. Price put her arm around Patty and drew her close, while her other worn hand gently smoothed the roughened hair. "Mother knows it's hard to give it up, dear, when you have so few pennies to spend for yourself, and she's sorry for her little girl. But mother knows, too, that you do not want anything that does not belong to you, and that you will be a brave girl and give the penny to Mr. Rice as he comes along. There he comes up the street now!"

Patty gave her mother a kiss, wiped some tears away, and hurried out to the gate where Mr. Rice spied her standing as he came driving along. He saw her little outstretched hand, and, as he reined up his horse, heard her childish voice, "Here's your penny, Mr. Rice."

For the first time he remembered his words at the office.

"Why, Patty, child," he began, "did you think I really meant that that was the penny I lost? Bless your heart, I lost my penny in a village ten miles away. Now run right off and spend that one quick before anyone else claims it." And with a hearty laugh and "get up there" to his old horse he drove off.

Mrs. Price, watching from the window, smiled and said, "I guess it's all right," as she saw Patty's flying feet disappearing down the street, and a little later she was sure for Patty burst in vehemently demanding: "Where's Ruth and Bennie? I've got something for them."

Then with a big hug for her mother: "He was just joking, mother, and I didn't have to give it to him at all. But I'm glad I did what you told me to for I feel lots better inside."

And mother said, "I knew you would."'

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

The queen of the fairies on a day
  Was busy making clover;
And, when the task was done, she found
  She had one leaf left over,

At first she knew not what to do,
  Indeed, was almost frightened—
To waste a whole great clover leaf,
  But suddenly she brightened,

Then, calling her assistants, said:
  "I find in making clover,
I must have somewhere counted wrong,
  Here is a leaf left over.

"So haste and bring me quickly here
  A clover from the meadows;
And I will tell it lovely tales
  Of sunshine without shadows.

"Of merry hearts and happy days
  And hours of rarest pleasure;
  Of smiling faces, dancing feet,
  And rapture without measure.

"And then I will to it affix
  This leaf which is left over;
Good luck will always follow him,
  Who finds a four-leaved clover."

—The Independent.

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